

The undersigned proposes to publish, so soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall have been obtained to justify the undertaking, a daily afternoon paper, to be called "The Daily Evening Star."

"The Star" is designed to supply a desideratum which has long existed at the Metropolis of the nation. Free from party trammels and sectarian influences, it will preserve a strict neutrality, and, whilst maintaining a fearless spirit of independence, will be devoted, in an especial manner, to the local interests of the beautiful city which bears the honored name of Washington, and to the welfare and happiness of the large and growing population within its borders. To develop the resources of the Metropolis—to increase and facilitate its mercantile operations—to foster and encourage its industrial pursuits—to stimulate its business and trade—to accelerate its progress in the march to power and greatness—these shall be the main objects of the paper.

"The Star" will also beam forth intelligence from all sections of the country, by telegraph and mail, and give it in a form so condensed as not to render it necessary to sift a bushel of chaff before finding a grain of wheat. The articles, editorial and selected, will be brief, varied, and sprightly. Nothing shall be admitted into its columns offensive to any religious sect or political party—nothing, in a moral point of view, to which even the most fastidious might object. It is the determination of the publisher to make it a paper which will be a welcome visitor to every family, and one which may be perused not only with pleasure, but with profit.

The editorial department will be under the direction of a gentleman of ability and tact.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Subscribers served by the carriers at six cents a week, payable weekly. To mail subscribers \$4 a year; \$2 for six months.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

In order to prevent persons having but a few lines to advertise paying an extravagant rate, the following schedule will be adopted:

For six lines or less.	For twelve lines or less.
1 insertion.....\$0.25	1 insertion.....\$0.50
2 "....." 37 1/2	2 "....." 75
3 "....." 50	3 "....." 1.00
1 week.....75	1 week.....1.50
2 ".....1.00	2 ".....2.00
3 ".....1.50	3 ".....2.50
4 ".....2.00	4 ".....3.00

JOSEPH B. TATE.

MECHANICS' BANK, GEORGETOWN.

THIS INSTITUTION is now doing a General Banking Business. Office under the Union Hotel, corner Bridge and Washington streets, Georgetown, (D. C.) where its notes will be redeemed in specie.
F. W. CONCH, Cashier.
Georgetown, (D. C.) 1852.

AN ARRIVAL AT BROWN'S HOTEL.
Just received from the manufactory of Wm. L. McCleary, of Baltimore—
One case of Patent Cork-Sole Boots
One case of Double-Sole Boots
One case Dress Boots
For sale at the fashionable Boot Store of
J. MILLS.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY.

THE SUBSCRIBERS, responding to the repeated and urgently expressed wish of eminent and judicious persons in various sections of the country, have decided to commence on the 1st of January, 1853, an entirely original and entirely new publication. It is intended to combine the lighter characteristics of a popular magazine with the higher and graver qualities of a quarterly review, filling a position hitherto unoccupied in our literature.

While affording a variety for the general reader is thus obtained, there will be an attempt to secure substantial excellence in each department.

To accomplish this we intend that the work in all its mechanical and business aspects shall be such as will meet the views of our most distinguished writers, such a medium as they would seek for in communicating with the world, and such as may tempt some to write ably and profitably who have not hitherto resorted to periodicals.

We intend that all articles admitted into the work shall be liberally paid for.

We believe that an ample material exists for such a work; that there is no lack either of talent among our writers or of appreciation on the part of the reading public; and that a properly conducted periodical of this kind may bring to light much true genius as is now undeveloped.

"Putnam's Monthly" will be devoted to the interests of literature, science, and art—in their best and noblest aspects.

Entirely independent of all merely selfish interests, partisan or sectional leanings, in its management, it will be open to competent writers for free discussion of all topics as are deemed important and of public interest.

The critical department will be wholly independent of the publishers, and as far as possible, of all personal influences or bias. Wholesome castigations of public men will be allowed a fair field without fear or favor. Assured national tone and spirit, American and independent, yet discriminating and just, both to the literature and to the social condition and prospects of the American people, will be cultivated as a leading principle of the work.

Special attention will be given to matters connected with social policy, municipal regulations, public health and safety, and the practical economies of every-day life.

While the subject needs illustration, or pictorial execution such illustrations will be occasionally given; but it is not expected that the success of the work is dependent on what are termed "embellishments."

Daily Evening Star.

VOL. I.

WASHINGTON, MONDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 3, 1853.

NO. 8.

EVENING STAR.

ONLY A SEAMSTRESS.

BY G. CANNING HILL.

The young and reputedly wealthy Mr. William Mowbray was standing on the door steps of the elegant mansion of Mr. Green. The time was evening, and the month November:

The weather was cold and very bracing, and the chill from the handle of the door bell instantly struck through the delicate kid glove in which his hand was encased.

A servant ushered him into the room, where he chanced at this moment to be sitting Mrs. Green, her daughter Mary, and Miss Emeline May. The matron received him with a grace that was strongly winning for a lady of her age and apparent dignity of manner, and with affectionateness of manner that she could scarcely have exercised toward a son of her own.

Mary, her daughter, rose to receive him likewise with a presumptuousness of attachment that she had evidently been drilled into by the assiduous teachings of her mother.

Only Emeline May, the orphan girl, appeared to be for the first time noticed.

She looked up with a timid and saddened air, as Mr. Mowbray entered the room, and dropped her blue eyes over her work.

Mr. Mowbray glanced with a look of expressive inquiry at the young girl, and the glance was unnoticed by Mrs. Green, for it could not have been many minutes before she made some frivolous pretext for dismissing her from the room altogether. All the time the visitor was in the room, she had received no introduction to him at the instance of Mrs. Green.

"She is a really splendid looking girl," immediately exclaimed the young gentleman, when she had gathered up her work and passed out before him. "Some relative?" added he, inquiringly.

"No—yes—that is," answered Mrs. Green, hesitatingly, "she is a sort of second cousin to Mary, and we suffer her to be here merely out of charity. She is only a seamstress, you know!"

"Ah!" answered Mr. Mowbray, glancing hurriedly at Mary, to observe the effect of this very cold remark upon her.

Greatly to his astonishment, he saw that she received this discomfiture of Emeline at the hand of her mother, with the most assured satisfaction.

"She is certainly beautiful," added he, to see the effect of his remark, more than from any single desire to compliment the poor girl. "I wish you had introduced me, Mrs. Green."

"Indeed I should have done so, Mr. Mowbray," replied she, with a simpering laugh, "had I thought her worthy of your attention. But she is only a seamstress, you see, and she is so poor and independent, too, in fact. I do not know what she would do were it not for our charity. She has no home in the wide world to go to."

"It certainly argues very much for your goodness, Mrs. Green," said he, "that you voluntarily befriended a poor girl in her situation. I must be allowed to say, madam, that I hold you much higher in my esteem since you have told me this."

"O, as for that, Mr. Mowbray, I do no more than what I have considered a duty; yet I never should consent to carry my kindness so far as to spoil her. I never think of making her acquainted with Mary's visitors. She would soon be spoiled if I did that."

Mr. Mowbray sat lost in his reflections for a moment. What those reflections were Mrs. Green certainly had no method of knowing. Yet she was not by any means deficient in that quickness that the female mind generally possesses, which enables it to seize by intuition, as it were, upon thoughts almost as quick as upon words.

She did not mean, therefore, to suffer him to remain long lost in thoughts of Emeline, but instantly changed the subject, and ran on with her conversation as gaily as if every heart beneath her roof were as happy as hers, and as if she was just as she seemed.

For some time she succeeded in apparently diverting the attention of the young man, each moment artfully directing it towards her own daughter, and congratulating herself that she should succeed even to the extent of her desires.

Then taking advantage of a moment when they were engaged in conversation together, she glided out of the room, and thought that no artfulness could have been

more successful in itself and at the same time more successfully concealed.

The balance of the evening was passed by the young gentleman very pleasantly, and Mary was in no wise behind hand in the practice of those trifling deceptions she had learned so thoroughly from her mother. Mr. Mowbray tried to convince his own heart that he was wonderfully satisfied with his own visit; yet ever and anon a glimpse of those blue eyes flashed across his vision, and he confessed to himself that he was at least uneasy.

In this frame of mind he finally took his departure. He saw no more of Mrs. Green during the evening.

Perhaps it was a week after this, when Mr. Mowbray determined to pass another evening at the residence of Mrs. Green.

Mr. Green himself was a merchant, and it was very rarely that the young gentleman met him in his own mansion. He not unfrequently protracted his stay from home until quite late in the evening.

On the evening in question, Mr. M. rang at the door and was shown in as usual by the servant. After saluting Mrs. Green with the cordiality which was his wont, he likewise greeted Mary, and afterwards Emeline. Mary's mother looked all the astonishment of which her several features were capable.

"How came he acquainted with Emeline? What way could she take to get acquainted with him? When and where was all this done?" were questions that flashed through her mind, before she could possibly have words for their expression. "She has deceived me!" thought Mrs. Green. "She has taken advantage of my charities, and is even now plotting secretly against the prospects of my daughter!"

What in such a case, was therefore to be done? What could be done?

Mrs. Green sat perfectly motionless for a brief moment with astonishment. She looks first at Mr. Mowbray, then at Emeline, and then at Mary. Her eyes met the meaning look of the latter, and her proud lips instantly curled and quivered with scorn and rage.

She controlled her temper, however, as she could, during the stay of the young man, but determined that he should enjoy no moment alone with the humble seamstress. And laborously did she engage take upon herself all conversation, trusting to her own art and determination to prevent the possibility of such an occurrence again.

Mr. Mowbray sat between the two ladies, passing a word now with one now with the other. Yet it was no very acutely perceptive faculty of Mrs. Green that induced her to believe in a very few moments that the young man was more pleased with Emeline than with Mary.

The evening was exceedingly long to Mrs. Green; and she was inwardly rejoiced when Mr. Mowbray took his leave. And as soon as this happened, she said to Emeline:

"You had better retire now, Emeline. I think I shall want you to rise earlier than usual in the morning."

The girl obeyed the hint; and wishing her a good night, left the room.

Mother and daughter were alone. The soft light of a large astral lamp fell on their faces, and revealed, with a very much increased power, the depth and the strength of the passions that were just ready for a violent eruption.

"Now, mother," instantly began Mary, "where do you suppose she has ever made the acquaintance of Mr. Mowbray?—where and when could it be?"

"Heaven only knows, my daughter!" replied the mother, her cheeks fairly blanching with the tempest that was passing over her heart. "She is a poor creature of charity, at best, and yet she has dared—only think of it—she has dared to come and exhibit herself to gentlemen whom I invite to my house! And this is what comes of making so much of this poor baggage of relations! How do I know where she has found the facility to become acquainted with Mr. Mowbray? How can I be assured that she may not have made revelations respecting you and me, such as may disgrace us forever in the eyes of this young gentleman?"

"She appeared to feel not at all concerned about it either," said the daughter.

"Not in the least—not in the smallest degree. She knew very well that I was totally ignorant of any such acquaintance on her part, yet she betrayed not the least sign of modesty about exhibiting it to us. The deceitful jade! this is what comes of my charity."

"Sure enough, mother," chimed in the daughter.

"But I will have no more of this. I will see that it is stopped just where it is!"

"What will you, mother? I am sure it perplexes and mortifies me very much."

"What will I do, do you ask?"

"Yes."

"There are many things I should like to do, and at once, too."

"I wish I might never see her again," said Mary.

"Then you need not," replied the mother, with more than her usual force of accent.

"Why? How can you prevent it?" asked the daughter.

"I will send her off to-morrow morning," answered Mrs. Green.

"Where can you send her, pray? I am sure, I shall be glad enough to have her go, for she is eternally in my eyes, and under my nose, and I can't have a gentleman come to call on me but she must put herself forward, and proceed to attract the attention. I declare I am quite tired of it."

"But I must promise you, my daughter, that you shall suffer no more from her ignorance and boldness; she shall be sent off to-morrow morning. I can make a pretext that will satisfy her and every one else, too."

While the mother and child were engaged in this conversation, the subject of it was on her knees by her bedside, praying Heaven to send more pity to her relatives towards her—a poor helpless orphan.

She rose from her knees, the tears coursing rapidly down her cheeks. Well enough had she been able to see the reason of her aunt's displeasure, and the motive that had prompted her to dismiss her from the room to bed.

One more completely innocent and guileless in this matter, as in every other, than Emeline, it was not possible to find. She searched her heart everywhere to discover any wrong or any unjust motive. She looked carefully to find wherein she might have erred unsensuously. But her search was altogether unsatisfactory to her. So purely true was she in every intent, one might easily suppose he would even be better satisfied if he could find some cause of fault in herself.

When she arose in the morning, her aunt was at the door, and directed her to proceed to pack her trunk immediately; for she had arranged to have her pass a little time with a relative in the country. Although this was peculiarly trying news to Emeline, yet she bore up under it with heroic fortitude. Suffering no expression of dissatisfaction to escape her lips, if she even allowed a rebellious thought to enter her heart, she proceeded to obey the instructions of her aunt, and presently had all completed.

Breakfast over she was just descending the steps to enter the carriage that was waiting at the door to carry her to the cars, when Mr. Mowbray himself made his appearance at the foot of the steps. He was on a morning walk; and being attracted by the sight of the ladies at the top of the steps, he stopped to wish them a good morning.

He politely handed Emeline into the carriage, and stopped a moment to exchange a few words with her.

"Was ever anything more provoking?" exclaimed Mary.

"I never, certainly, saw the like if it!" uttered the really angry Mrs. Green.

While Mr. Mowbray stood talking with Emeline, he inquired of her in what direction she was going, and the length of her visit.

He seemed greatly surprised that Emeline should not have apprised him of her intention the evening before, and in fact so assured her; but she answered him in the only way she could and that was she did not know herself that she was going.

A new thought seemed suddenly to cross the mind of the young man. Bidding her adieu, and in a low voice assured her of the deep pleasure it would afford him to visit her in her new abode, he turned again towards Mrs. Green and her daughter.

The former urgently invited him to enter the house; but her invitation he repeatedly but civilly declined. He touched his hat lightly to them and walked on.

But his brain was fuller of thoughts than it was five minutes before. There seemed to him to be some mystery about this sudden departure of the poor seamstress into the country. He suddenly called to mind, too, the peculiarly trifling—not to say contemptuous—manner to which her aunt had spoken to him of her, calling her a poor dependant relation, and saying that she was only a seamstress. And he likewise called

to mind the unseemly haste with which she had dismissed her from the room on the evening which he first saw her.

There was a singular beauty about Emeline May that was calculated to win just such a heart as that of young Mr. Mowbray's. Though he was of a decisive character, and was governed very much by the strength and duration of his impulses, yet his heart was by nature all innocence; and it was this very freedom from all guile, this perfect child like trustfulness on the part of Emeline that found sympathy in the heart of the worthy young man.

When at length mother and daughter had retreated to the sitting room again, it was with the most fearful foreboding that the former contemplated this very unseen occurrence. Nothing certainly, could have been more unfortunate for the success of her selfish schemes.

It was several days after this occurrence that Mrs. Green asked Mr. Mowbray, with an air of seriousness—both were sitting in the parlor of the former—where and how it was he first made the acquaintance of Emeline; "for," said she, "I was really astonished at what I saw. I sent the girl out of the room, the first time you saw her here, that you might not think I wished to intrude such creatures in your presence."

"I assure you, Mrs. Green," replied the young man, "that you need not have been at any pains on my account; for I am frank to confess that I was very much pleased with her appearance; and I really think, madam," continued he, "that you have great reason to feel proud of such a relation!"

The lady looked very blank for a moment, yet she dared go no further on the publication to Mr. Mowbray of her prejudices against the poor seamstress.

"I will inform you in a few words, Mrs. Green," said he, "where and how it was that I became acquainted with your niece. I had seen and noticed her at your house one evening when I called. I was even then interested very deeply in her appearance, and should have been glad of an introduction from you. You gave me none."

"You know, Mr. Mowbray," interrupted the lady, in one of her most artful tones, "that I did not know whether she might be agreeable to you or not, and of course I was altogether unwilling to suffer her to be introduced upon you."

"I understand and appreciate your motives, Mrs. Green," replied he, "yet it so happened that I was pleased with her, and was not loath to avail myself of the first opportunity that offered itself to become acquainted with her. I happened to meet her one afternoon at a house in ——— street."

"What was she doing there, pray?" eagerly interrupted the aunt.

"Giving of her scanty means, madam, to relieve the distresses of a poor family," answered the young man firmly. "I recognized her beautiful countenance instantly, and with no further ceremony, made myself known to her. I have a habit of hunting out sufferers and the deserving poor in our streets, and of relieving them as far as I can judiciously. Some people, perhaps, may call it eccentricity. I call it duty. I have ample means, Mrs. Green, and I intend not to throw them away."

This interview was drawn to a speedy close after this free and full disclosure on the part of the young man.

Many months had gone by. Spring had returned, and the grass sprang up everywhere on the lawn and hills. A neat billet doux came to the door of Mrs. Green by the hands of a footman on a carriage that waited at the bottom of the steps. Mrs. Green took it, broke the seal impatiently, and read with perturbation:

"Miss Emeline May is at home to her friends on Tuesday evening, May 2d.

"MRS. E. MAY. "MR. W. MOWBRAY."

They were married. Mrs. Green at first was enraged, but time softened her resentment, and she finally acknowledged her folly, and Mr. Mowbray avowed her prejudices first interested him in the character of Miss May. The lesson Mrs. Green never will forget.

Two things well considered would prevent many quarrels; first, to have it well ascertained whether we are not disputing about terms rather than things; and secondly to examine whether that on which we differ is worth contending about.

Two hundred and fifty-one thousand, eight hundred and ninety three foreigners arrived in the city of New York, from January 1st. to last of November, of the present year.

A Batchelor writes to us in a very excited state, protesting against the proposed school of Design for woman. He urges that already nine out of ten men are victims to their designs, and if their natural instincts are to be so highly cultivated, not a single man will escape the bonds of matrimony.—Lantern.